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CHAUCER.

Thy words are like a sweet refreshing shower
To one who travels on a dusty way:
Thou breathest of the hawthorn boughs of May,
And leadest one as to a pleasant bower
Where, hidden in the tangled leaf and flower,
Some little bird pours forth his roundelay;
Then out again to meet the golden day
In open meadows with their starry dower.
Ah, Chaucer! thou art like a little child
Who prattles all the day for very glee,
And forces old and grave to be beguiled
With woven tales and winsome imagery;
Nor more than any child dost thou surmise
How in simplicity thy heart is wise!

EDITH C. BANFIELD.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MIDDLEMAN.

The editor of "The Bookman" has recently made some remarks, as suggestive as they are true, about the way in which most men get their opinions at second or third hand. While the real scholars of the world are busily engaged in their single-hearted search after truth, there swarm about them the middlemen of thought. "Whatever stream of knowledge flows forth from the little sanctuary where the giants of learning smite the rocks of difficulty, these brilliant persons rapidly scoop it up into their own shallow vessels, and diluting it with the water of the first roadside puddle, run abroad throughout the world, selling the draught to anyone who may seek to buy. . . . Take almost any field of science, using that term in its broadest sense, and ask the average man to tell you the great contemporary names suggested by it, and he will always give you the names of middlemen, of men who sit in the outer gates of learning, and not within the penetralia." One does not have to look far for illustrations of this thesis. The late Professor Drummond was an excellent example. A mere dabbler in natural science, he was in all simplicity believed to be one of its foremost exponents by the large audience that he attracted by the earnestness of his manner and the charm of his style. His lamented death evoked a chorus of eulogistic utterances, while the death, occurring at almost the same time, of Professor Sylvester, who was one of the greatest creative intellects of the century, by way of ironic contrast called forth only a meagre paragraph here and there.

If we ask where the average intelligent reader, seeking to keep abreast of the swiftly-flowing stream of scientific progress, gets his knowledge of the problems that are being worked out from year to year, we shall find in almost every case that the middleman is his guide and prophet. Of this fact alone there could be no cause for complaint; it is of the nature of things that "the stream of knowledge" should find its way to the public from "the little sanctuary" of its origin by devious channels and carefully-planned systems of irrigation. Broadly considered, our entire educational "plant" is nothing more than such a

system of irrigation; it muddies the waters and makes their flow sluggish, to be sure, but it does accomplish its purpose of bringing them to the places where they are needed. The just complaint is not, then, that the middleman exists, but that in the performance of his useful function he looms so large in the view of those to whom he ministers. It is doubtless better than having no ideas at all upon such subjects to get our electricity from Mr. Edison, and our Buddhism from Sir Edwin Arnold, and our comparative philology from Professor Max Müller. But it is unfortunate, at least, that, having got our ideas from these copious sources, we should be wholly unaware that such men as Clerk Maxwell and Professor Rhys-Davids and Professor Brugmann stand in the background. It seems, however, an almost unbroken law of human nature that the really great thinkers of the world do not come to their own — as far as a reputation commensurate with their achievements is concerned — until it becomes possible to view them in the time-perspective of lapsed generations, and pronounce the definitive judgment upon their work.

It may be urged that the wide diffusion of knowledge which we owe to the unprecedented activity of our latter-day press makes it impossible for the modern world to remain ignorant of its great men until long after they are dead. There is a measure of truth in this plea, and it is pleasant to contrast the fortunes of Darwin, for example, with those of Copernicus, the fortunes of Schopenhauer with those of Spinoza, the fortunes of Wagner with those of Bach. But it must also be admitted that the popular press of to-day, with its unholy alertness for the new thing, does nearly as much to darken counsel as to illuminate it. When Job spoke of "words without knowledge," even his prophetic vision could hardly have foreseen such an illustration of the phrase as is offered by nineteenth-century journalism. Our popular periodicals, daily or monthly, do occasionally hear of the existence of some distinguished investigator, and help to make the public familiar with his work, but they are far more likely to exploit the sciolist and the charlatan, and every intellectual quackery that lifts its head requires only a little diplomacy to gain their encouragement. As for the middleman, his fortunes are built upon their ignorance, and their support so amplifies his dimensions as to make him seem, to undiscerning eyes, a far more important figure than he really is.

In all these reflections no word of reproach is intended for the popularizer who fulfils his proper function as an educator, and frankly stands as a medium for the propagation of scientific ways of thinking. Arrogating to himself no credit for the work of the original investigator, and freely admitting the secondary nature of his own work, he is one of the most important educational forces of the time, for he translates into a speech understanded of the people the technically-expressed conclusions of the men who are primarily responsible for the advancement of knowledge. This is a work of great usefulness, and our discussion would be deprived of point were the work not so frequently made a means of self-advertisement or self-glorification, and were it performed only by men incapable of posing in false positions. But the allurements of vanity are not easily to be resisted, and the ease with which almost any acute mind of the secondary order may, by a certain glibness of speech and a certain affectation of omniscience, acquire a sort of popular fame, offer temptations that such minds find it difficult to resist, although they know in their hearts how cheap this fame must seem in the estimation of "them that know." It is the prevalence of this spirit, of this willingness of men to assume a virtue that they do not have, which calls for our protest, and which makes it desirable that we should learn to distinguish the middlemen of thought from the producers at first hand.

If our debt be considerable to the popularizers who do their work with no thought of personal vanity, making it quite clear that they stand only as the interpreters of better men, our debt is still greater to the few who with their own hands bring down the result of their labors from the inaccessible heights where their work is done, and make it the possession of the multitude. The investigators who are their own middlemen, so to speak, are indeed benefactors of their fellows, but they are few in number, for the faculty of popular exposition and the gift of graceful style are not often bestowed upon the men who do the pioneer work of knowledge. This happy conjunction of powers is found in but few men of any generation as it was found, for example, to a certain degree in Faraday, Huxley, and Tyndall, and preëminently in Helmholtz and Renan. But when such men appear, they are deserving of all honor, for they give dignity to the term "popular science," which else would suffer under much reproach. It is theirs, on the one hand, to see things as they are, and on the other, so

to purge the eyes of duller mortals as to impart a like clearness of vision. It is theirs, in a word, to seize upon new ideas and to give them dynamic effectiveness, not only to discover new regions of thought, but also to annex them to the world already known, and make all men free of access to their stores.

THE METRE OF "IN MEMORIAM."

The editors of Tennyson's great poem, and the critics and commentators as well, seem to me to have laid too great stress on the novelty of the metrical form that the poet has chosen to employ. I cannot for a moment believe that Mr. Jennings is right when he says ("Lord Tennyson," p. 125), "We have excellent authority for saying that, as far as Tennyson knew then, he thought he had invented the metre." The poet was surely too well versed in the lore of versification to consider himself the inventor of so simple a metrical combination as he makes use of in his immortal elegy.

The metre is iambic tetrameter, each stanza consisting of four lines. The claim of originality is based on the rime-sequence *(abba)*. This sequence, in four-lined stanzas, has, it is true, always been comparatively rare in English verse, but less rare in German poetry and still less in that of France. Schipper ("Neuenglische Metrik," § 311) thinks that its non-appearance in Middle English is merely accidental *(zufällig)* inasmuch as the alliterative sequence, *a b b a*, is common enough in Old English verse, and the rime-sequence itself not infrequent in the foreign Romance verse of the Middle English period. But is not Lydgate's "Roundel on the Coronation of Henry VI." a Middle English example?

"Rejoice ye reames of England and of Fraunce!
A braunche that sprang oute of the floure de lys,
Blode of seint Edward and seint Lowys,
God hath this day sent in governaunce.

"God of nature hath yoven him suffisaunce
Likly to atteyne to grete honure and pris.

"O hevenly blossome, o budde of all plesaunce,
God graunt the grace for to ben als wise
As was thi fader, by circumspect advise,
Stable in vertue withoute variaunce."

There were not many rime combinations unknown to the Elizabethans, and the sequence *a b b a* forms no exception. Sir Philip Sidney interspersed eleven songs among his famous sonnet series known as "Astrophel and Stella." The "Second Song" (first stanza) runs as follows (see also his "Translation of Psalm XXXVIII."):

"Have I caught my heav'nly jewel,
Teaching sleep most fair to be?
Now will I teach her that she
When she wakes, is too, too cruel."

Shakespeare himself tried his hand at this sequence in "The Phœnix and the Turtle." The best stanza is the seventh:

"So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain."

The stanzas cited are trochaic; but Ben Jonson, in his "Elegy" ("Underwoods," XXXIX.), prefers the iambic foot, and thus employs the exact metre of "In Memoriam":

"Though beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours of whom I sing be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet 't is your virtue now I raise."

Thomas Carew (1598–1639), like Sidney and Shakespeare, prefers the trochaic movement. The third of his "Four Songs by way of Chorus to a Play" is entitled "Separation of Lovers." The first of its six stanzas is as follows:

"Stop the chasèd boar, or play
With the lion's paw, yet fear
From the lover's side to tear
The idol of his soul away."

Edward Herbert (1581–1648), elder brother of the more famous George Herbert, used to be referred to as Tennyson's only predecessor in the meter of "In Memoriam." Of his poetry, Mr. J. Churton Collins says (Ward's "English Poets," Vol. II., p. 188): "It is uniformly musical, and his music is often at once delicate and subtle." But I have never been able to detect the music of these stanzas (cited by Mr. Collins):

"When with a love none can express
That mutually happy pair,
Melander and Celinda fair,
The season with their loves did bless.

"Long their fix'd eyes to Heaven bent
Unchangèd, they did never move;
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.

"When with a sweet though troubled look
She first brake silence, saying, 'Dear friend,
O that our love might take no end,
Or never had beginning took.'"

Nor can I see anything but hopeless cacophony in this stanza from Herbert's lines "Upon Combing her Hair," lines which preserve, however, the same rime-sequence:

"While gracious unto me, thou both dost sunder
Those glories which, if they united were,
Might have amazed sense, and shew't each hair
Which if alone had been too great a wonder."

But it is at least an interesting coincidence that the name of Herbert's poem from which the three stanzas were cited — a poem differing widely from "In Memoriam" in melody but not at all in formal meter — should embody precisely the problem that the great Laureate wrestled with two hundred years later. Herbert headed his stanzas "An Ode upon a Question Moved whether Love Should Continue for Ever"; and these three stanzas, barring a slightly archaic note in the form of expression, might almost pass for a selection from "In Memoriam":

"Not here on earth then, nor above,
One good affection can impair;
For where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that He excludeth Love?

"These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thy hand enfold,
And all chaste blessings can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

"For if no use of sense remain
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?"

Note especially the Tennysonian touch in the repeated sounds of the first two lines in the second stanza ("eyes" . . . "eyes," "hands" . . . "hand"). Tennyson makes frequent use of this device:

"I cannot love thee as I ought,
For *love* reflects the thing *beloved;*
My *words* are only *words*, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought."

William Somerville (1677–1742), in "The Oyster" ("Fable" viii.), has also left an exact metrical prototype of Tennyson's elegiac stanza, but the mood is so different that the metrical similarity is hardly suggested to the reader:

"Two comrades, as grave authors say,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define)
Had found an oyster in their way."

And John Langhorne (1735–1779) repeats the same stanza in his "Ode to the Genius of Westmoreland" (six stanzas):

"Hail, hidden power of these wild groves,
These uncouth rocks, and mountains grey!
Where oft, as fades the closing day,
The family of Fancy roves."

In his lines "On Seeing a Wounded Hare Limp by Me," Burns adopts the metre exemplified in Herbert's stanzas "Upon Combing her Hair," except that Burns's cleft rimes are masculine, not feminine:

"Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!"

Coleridge uses this metre (iambic pentameter) in his lines "To a Friend, in Answer to a Melancholy Letter," and mingles the same rime-sequence in many of the five-lined stanzas of "The Ancient Mariner":

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet."

But the normal stanza of "The Ancient Mariner" has only four lines and these never employ the *a b b a* sequence.

As soon as "In Memoriam" appeared (1850), Dante Gabriel Rossetti desired it to be known that he himself, in "My Sister's Sleep," had used the same stanza three years before (see Joseph Knight's "Life of Rossetti," p. 56); but neither Rossetti nor his biographer seemed aware of the fact that Tennyson had made use of this metre in "You ask me why" and "Love thou thy land," both written in 1833, though not published until 1842.

Schipper thinks it not improbable that the rime-sequence *a b b a* in English verse is due to the influence of the Italian sonnet, introduced into England in the first half of the sixteenth century by Wyatt and Surrey. It will be remembered that each quatrain of the Italian sonnet does reproduce the rime-sequence *a b b a*, the metre being iambic pentameter. The infrequency of this sequence in English verse before the reign of Henry VIII. would seem to lend some show of probability to Schipper's conjecture; but, after all, is it necessary to postulate borrowing or foreign influence of any sort for so simple a stanza? If an English poet has read and written hundreds of stanzas of the type *a b a b* and *a a b b*, must he wait for the fine Italian hand to point out to him the possibility of *a b b a*?

Besides, if we must break a stanza to get at the origin of our rime-sequence (and the quatrain is but a fragment of the stanzaic unit embodied in the sonnet), why go to the sonnet at all? There are hundreds even of Middle English poems that illustrate somewhere in the stanza (usually toward the close, rarely at the beginning) the *a b b a* series of rimes. These must at least have thoroughly accustomed the English ear to this sequence three centuries before the introduction of the Italian sonnet. Note the following stanza from "A Plea for Pity," written at least fifty years before the birth of Chaucer:

"With longyng y am lad,
On molde y waxe mad,
A maide marreth me;
Y grede, y grone, unglad,
For selden y am sad
That semely forte se;
Leuedi, thou rewe me!
To routhe thou hauest me rad;
Be bote of that y bad,
My lyf is long on the."

In the rimes here employed *(a a b a a b b a a b)*, the rime-sequence of "In Memoriam" is twice imbedded, just as it is in the Italian sonnet; except that the Middle English poet ends his stanza with the rimes in question, whereas the Italian sonneteer and his imitators place the same rimes at the beginning; but one position is not a whit more potent than the other in its influence upon succeeding poets.

In other words, the stanza which Tennyson has now made familiar to all readers of poetry was once a part of a larger stanzaic unit: it was only a segment of a larger rime-circle. In the Elizabethan age, this stanzaic fragment became a stanzaic unit and assumed a stanzaic individuality of its own. The Italian sonnet may have had an accelerating influence in this development, but it by no means created the development.

The stanza has always seemed to me preëminently elegiac; and no American poet has shown so subtle an appreciation of its possibilities in this respect as has Whittier. The most exquisite passages of "Snow Bound" (which was published sixteen years after "In Memoriam") are the elegiac strains which, unlike the rest of the poem, are expressed in the rime-sequences of the great English elegy.

C. Alphonso Smith.
Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FILES OF CHICAGO DAILY PAPERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the timely article of Professor Edwin E. Sparks, published in THE DIAL of April 16 last, on "The Preservation of Historical Material in the Middle West," I notice the statement "that to-day there is not open to the student in the city of Chicago a complete file of a Chicago daily paper back of the destructive year of 1871." While this is, no doubt, true as to Chicago papers under their present names, it may be of interest to students of history to know that there is, in the library of the Chicago Historical Society, a file of the daily and weekly issues of the "Chicago Democratic Press," beginning with the date of its establishment in September, 1852, up to its consolidation with "The Tribune" in July, 1858. From the latter date the file is continuous — for more than two years under the name of "The Press and Tribune," and afterward as "The Tribune" — up to the present time. So that, regarding "The Democratic Press" and its immediate successor as the same paper, the file may be said to be complete and continuous for a period of nearly forty-five years. There are partial files of other Chicago papers — as of the "Chicago Democrat," the "Chicago American" and its successors, "The Express" and "Evening Journal," and other Chicago publications — of an earlier date in the Chicago Historical and Newberry Libraries, but nothing approaching completeness to the extent furnished by the files of "The Democratic Press" and its successors, "The Press and Tribune" and "The Tribune."

PAUL SELBY.

Chicago, June 8, 1897.

DOCUMENTARY STUDY OF WESTERN HISTORY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Permit me to add a word to what has already appeared in THE DIAL (April 16, May 1, and June 1) on the preservation of historical material in the West. Along with an appreciation of the real significance of the West in American History, there comes from students of history a demand for the better preservation of historical data relative to the growth of the Western States. But this material does not concern the historian alone. The West is a great laboratory for the observation and study of social phenomena. Here students of Economics may witness economic phenomena presented on a scale which has but few if any parallels in history. In the course of a single generation a vast objective environment has been settled by individuals or groups of individuals; there has been a rapid growth in population by additions from without and from within; there has been an economic integration of agricultural and urban communities; industries have been located; transportation developed; great markets established.

It is, however, to the study of American Government that the materials of Western history are, in my opinion, likely to make the most valuable contributions. Before there can be developed a complete and satisfactory science of American Government more and better data must be brought together in the several States on territorial, commonwealth, and local government. None appreciates more fully the value of collecting and preserving the materials of Western history than students of American Government.

But the materials of State history in the West should not only be collected and preserved: they should at the same time be made accessible to students generally. An effort should be made in every Western State to edit and publish all the important papers, documents, manuscripts, etc., which contain historical material. Indeed, it seems to me that the publication of historical material is as essential as the initial step of collection. The publication of the documentary materials of State history in the West would greatly facilitate the study of the West in American History.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH.

State University of Iowa, June 5, 1897.

HARPER'S DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

"Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities" has been extensively reviewed, and the reviewers have generally agreed that the book is a valuable one. Doubtless those who are using the dictionary will wish to correct in their copies such errors as the work contains. Those in the following list have not, I believe, been mentioned by any of the reviewers.

Page 39, s. v. Afer, for Cnæus read Gnæus.

Page 606, s. v. Epigraphy, for Lebas read Le Bas.

Page 725, s. v. Geographia, for Cosmus read Cosmas.

Page 787, s. v. Hemsterhuys, for Kuster read Küster.

Page 1198, s. v. Pentelicus, for Pentelĭcus read Pentelĭcus.

Page 210, for Biturĭges we should probably read Biturīges, and for Divitĭcus (p. 529) Divicĭcus.

Page 1277, s. v. Plethrum, for "101 English feet" read "97 feet 0.96 inches." The figures are given correctly in the Appendix (p. 1696). The same mistake is made, s. v. Stadium (p. 1488), where the old erroneous value of 606 feet 9 inches should have given way to 582 feet 5.76 inches. On page 1032, s. v. Mensura, we miss some mention of the "Dörpfeld foot."

Page 1578, s. v. Thule, for Pythius (*bis*) read Pytheas.

Page 1620, s. v. Twelve Tables, for "Horatius and Valerius, the consuls of the year 499," read ". . . of the year 449."

Page 1218, s. v. Persius, the Conington-Nettleship edition of 1874 should be replaced by the third edition, 1892.

Page 1276, s. v. Plautus, Brix's *fourth* edition of the Trinummus appeared in 1888.

Page 1564, s. v. Theocritus, the old etymology of the word Idyl is certainly open to doubt. The bibliography of this article should have mentioned the edition of Ahrens, and that of Fritzsche-Hiller.

Pages 374, 923, 1177, 1371, the words Clytæmnestra, Larissa, Parnassus, Rhegium, had better have appeared as Clytemestra, Larisa, Parnasus, Regium. On page 1289, in the description of the illustration, for Hexedra read Exedra.

Page 165, s. v. Attius, *vootum* is an unfortunate choice of an instance of doubled vowels. Vootum is a Faliscan word; no instance of a doubled o occurs in a Latin inscription.

Page 513, s. v. Digamma, the editor says the word digamma "is not found earlier than the first century A. D., when it occurs in the grammarians." Yet Cicero uses it in his letter to Atticus, IX., 4, 4.

Page 617, s. v. Equus Tuticus, "The term Tuticus is Oscan, equivalent to the Latin *magnus*." Tuticus is really the equivalent of the Latin *publicus*.

Page 409, s. v. Corcyra, the statements about the earlier and the later form of the name do not agree with the facts as given by Meisterhans.

Page 1122, why is the name of the town Odysa differentiated in spelling from that of the poem, if the two names are alike in the Greek?

Pages 1016, 1177, the accentuation of the quotation from Matron is not correct.

Page 1519, s. v. Tacitus, the editor speaks as if there were still some doubt as to the prænomen Publius. Publius is established by a Greek inscription found at Melassa.

ARTHUR W. HODGMAN.

Ohio State University, Columbus, June 3, 1897.

The New Books.

Lady Isabel Burton.*

Mr. Wilkins has justly styled his sympathetic and workmanlike Life of Lady Burton a "Romance." Other than romantic the career of the wife of such a man as Richard Burton could scarcely have been, even had that wife been by nature a humdrum and compliant creature of the "Amelia Sedley" type — which Lady Burton decidedly was not. Foibles enough and to spare have been justly or otherwise imputed to Lady Burton; but no one, not even Miss Stisted, her ladyship's latest and harshest assailant, has ventured to call her commonplace. She was at least as uncommon, one might almost say as bizarre, a character as her learned, if somewhat erratic and intractable, husband; and the pair were curiously alike even in their eccentricities. Their doings abroad, during Burton's several consulships, would alone make an amusing volume. With all his learning, the great Orientalist was of all Englishmen perhaps the one best fitted by nature to keep his official chiefs in Downing Street in perpetual hot water with any government he might be accredited to. He and his wife could generally be relied upon at any given crisis to do precisely the unexpected and unaccountable thing. Socially, their career at Damascus, Santos, etc., may be described as a series of shocks (wholesome ones often) to the local sense of propriety. As a mild instance, it is related that when they arrived at Trieste, whither Burton was sent after his abrupt and to our thinking very proper recall from Damascus, the new consul startled the people of that town by ostentatiously marching *coram populo* down its high street to the consulate with a game-cock under his arm, while his wife followed him with a bull-dog under hers. This seems to have been their notion of suitable consular pomp. Or perhaps the animals were thus conspicuously borne in procession as emblems of the spirit of the coming consular *régime*. Lady Burton is delightfully frank as to these little exhibitions of independence; and she never fails to dilate complacently on their effect upon the natives. Of a like tenor with the Trieste exploit was one in Brazil. Says Lady Burton in a letter to a friend at home:

> ". . . They have at last something to talk about now. I rode out about a league and a half, where I met four fine geese. I must tell you I have never seen a goose before; they do not eat them here, but only use them as an ornamental bird. Well, Chico [her black boy] and I caught them, and slung one at each side of my saddle, and one at each side of his, and rode with them cackling and squawking through the town; and whenever I met any woman I thought would be ashamed of me, I stopped and was ever so civil to her. When I got up to our house, Richard, hearing the noise, ran out on the balcony; and seeing what was the matter, he laughed and shook his fist, and said, 'Oh, you delightful blackguard — how like you!'"

"*Arcades ambo*," the reader may naturally add. Lady Burton is by no means shy of a joke at her own expense. Commenting on the oddity of her own appearance, in foreign eyes at least, she goes on:

> "When I first came to Damascus, fond though I was of animals, I found that most of them shied at me. I do not think that they had been accustomed to an Englishwoman at close quarters. For instance, I went for a walk one day, and met a small boy leading a donkey laden with radishes, as high as a small tree. I suppose that I was strange-looking, for at the sight of me the donkey kicked up his heels and threw all the radishes about for a hundred yards around. The poor little boy set up a howl. I ran to help him, but the more I tried the more the donkey ran away, and at last I understood by signs that the donkey was shying at me, so I threw the boy a coin and retreated, and sent another boy to help him. We called to an old man riding a shabby-looking horse, but the moment the horse saw me it did exactly the same thing, and nearly flung the old man off. My sides ached with laughing. Fancy being so queer that the animals take fright at one!"

The following description of one of Lady Burton's Damascus costumes (she was always masquerading in one shape or another) may serve to explain the conduct of these animals:

> "My dress was very picturesque. It consisted of large yellow button boots and gaiters, an English riding-habit with the long ends of the skirt tucked in to look like their Eastern baggy trousers, an Eastern belt with revolver, dagger, and cartridges. My hair was all tucked up under the *tarbash*, and I wore one of the Bedowin veils to the waist, only showing a bit of face. The veil was of all colours, chiefly gold braid, bound by a chocolate and gold circlet near the forehead. Richard slung over my back and round my neck a whistle and compass, in case of my being lost."

Mr. Wilkins's book is made up partly of an unfinished autobiography begun by Lady Burton a few months before she died, and partly of extracts from a mass of letters, journals and so on bearing mainly on her travels and adventures. It has been his aim to let his heroine, wherever possible, tell the story of her life in her own words, and to keep his own narrative in the background. He has, in fine, endeavored to give a faithful portrait of Lady Burton as revealed by herself. The opening volume

* The Romance of Lady Isabel Burton. The Story of her Life, told in part by Herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. In two volumes, with portraits and illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

deals with her ladyship's early life up to her marriage in 1861, with her Continental tours and trips to Madeira, Teneriffe, Portugal, etc., and with the period of her residence with Burton in Brazil. Volume II. comprises the Damascus period, the journeys to Palmyra, the Holy Land, and India, the Trieste period, and the closing years of Lady Burton's life spent mainly in industrious retirement in England. Notably interesting are the chapters on Damascus. The following account of the Hammám (Turkish Bath) at that place may serve as a fair sample of Lady Burton's descriptive style.

"I first went to the Hammám out of curiosity, and was warmly welcomed by the native women; but I was rather shocked. They squat naked on the floor, and, despoiled of their dress and hair and make-up, are, most of them, truly hideous. Their skins are like parchment, and baggy; their heads as bald as billiard-balls. What little hair they have is dyed an orange-red with henna. They look like the witches in *Macbeth*, or at least as if they had been called up from out of the lower regions. They sit chatting with little bundles of sweets and narghílehs before them. An average Englishwoman would look like an *houri* amongst them; and their customs were beastly, to use the mildest term. The Hammám was entered by a large hall, lit by a skylight, with a huge marble tank in the centre and four little fountains, and all around raised divans covered with cushions. Here one wraps oneself in silk and woolen sheets, and after that proceeds to pass through the six marble rooms. The first is the cold room, the next warmer, the third warmer still, until you come to the *sudarium*, the hottest room of all. First they lather you, then they wash you with a *lif* and soap, then they douche you with tubs of hot water, then they shampoo you with fresh layers of soap, and then douche again. They give you iced sherbet, and tie towels dipped in cold water round your head, which prevent you fainting and make you perspire. They scrub your feet with pumice-stone, and move you back through all the rooms gradually, douche you with water, and shampoo you with towels. You now return to the large hall where you first undressed, wrap in woolen shawls, and recline on a divan. The place is all strewn with flowers, incense is burned around, and a cup of hot coffee is handed and a narghíleh placed in your mouth. A woman advances and kneads you as though you were bread, until you fall asleep under the process, as though mesmerized. When you wake up, you find music and dancing, the girls chasing one another, eating sweetmeats, and enjoying all sorts of fun. Moslem women go through a good deal more of the performance than I have described. For instance, they have their hair hennaed and their eyebrows plucked. You can also have your hands and feet hennaed, and, if you like it, be tatooed. The whole operation takes about four hours. It is often said by the ignorant that people can get as good a Hammám in London or Paris as in the East. I have tried all, and they bear about as much relation to one another as a puddle of dirty water does to a pellucid lake. And the pellucid lake is in the East."

Mr. Wilkins successfully defends Lady Burton from the charge that her passion for proselytizing was the true cause of her husband's recall from Damascus. His review of the case, based on the records of an official Blue Book, show plainly enough that Burton was recalled simply because his conduct at Damascus stamped him as an unsafe man for a post where tact was the main requirement. His squabbles with the Jews, with the English missionaries, with the Turkish Wali, with the Druzes, and with the Greek Bishop of Nazareth, wore out the forbearance of his official chiefs — who, so far as we can see, were patient and long-suffering. Lady Burton's reputation for eccentric and high-handed conduct certainly did not help matters. The Greek report of the doings of the Burtons prior to the tremendous row at Nazareth, however exaggerated, indicates pretty plainly that her ladyship's behavior was not exactly in keeping with the precepts of the gentle Nazarene. Of this report she says:

"The Greeks said, in their report, that we began the quarrel, and many other things absolutely false. For instance, they stated that Richard fired upon them several times when they were playing at games; that he entered the church armed to profane it, tore down the pictures, broke the lamps, and shot a priest; and that I also went forth in my nightgown, and, sword in hand, tore everything down, and jumped and shrieked upon the *débris*, and did many other unwomanly things. This report was actually signed and sealed by the Bishop and by the Wali, and forwarded, unknown to us, to Constantinople and London. Naturally Richard's few enemies at home tried to make capital out of the incident."

As to Lady Burton's course in burning (at a great pecuniary sacrifice to herself) her husband's translation of the notorious "Scented Garden," Mr. Wilkins says, in our opinion, all that needs be said. The book was anything but *virginibus puerisque*. Burton himself had said of it: "I am afraid it will make a great row in England, because the 'Arabian Nights' is a baby tale in comparison" with it. Lady Burton reflected, "Out of fifteen hundred men, fifteen will probably read it in the spirit of science in which it was written; the other fourteen hundred and eighty-five will read it for filth's sake, and pass it to their friends, and the harm done may be incalculable." To the stock plea, "*Puris omnia pura*," she might have replied, "But purity of that degree is rare indeed." A consideration which perhaps outweighed all others with her was that the book was of a character to revive and strengthen certain ugly rumors touching her husband's early life which she had long combated. Whether or no Lady Burton was, all in all, justified in burning the "Scented Garden" is at least an

open question; but the charge that in so doing she showed "the bigotry of a Torquemada and the vandalism of a John Knox" is overstrained. Miss Stisted's characterization of the act as "theatrical" is unfair. Mr. Wilkins goes into the question of Burton's ultimate religious opinions, and of the sincerity of his alleged final conversion to Romanism, at some length — a rather barren field of inquiry into which we shall not follow him. We may say, however, that he shows Miss Stisted's sensational account of Lady Burton's conduct at her husband's death-bed to be as exaggerated in fact as it is illiberal in tone. As a zealous Catholic and a devoted wife, Lady Burton could not well have acted otherwise than she did.

Mr. Wilkins's book is extremely entertaining — a piquant compound of travels, adventure, and biography; and the publishers have issued it in handsome shape. The illustrations comprise some interesting portraits of the Burtons, photographic views, and so on.

E. G. J.

A Philosopher Decadent.*

No country in the world, not even America, is more sensitive to new ideas than modern Germany. The critical sense and a sort of divine discontent are so universal here that every innovator who speaks loud enough to make himself heard is sure of an audience. The fervor and intensity characteristic of this nation enable him immediately to gather about him a group of admiring disciples. At the same time, strong antagonists, so necessary for a man's fame, powerfully lift up their voices; and soon the new prophet, deservedly or undeservedly, becomes an object of intense discussion. Such was the case with Richard Wagner, and such is the case now with that strangest of contemporaneous individualities, bold and perplexing, the will-of-the-wisp of modern philosophers, Friedrich Nietzsche.

The most salient feature in Nietzsche's system, if indeed he may be said to have a system, is admiration for power. All through his works runs the profound conviction that every form of salvation and happiness can come only from healthy, powerful, and untamed individualities; that the tamed, the "domestic animals," the diseased, who people our modern cities, are very largely due to a weakening code of morals, and that a complete "transvaluation of all values" should be aimed at. In order better to understand this remarkable man, we must cast a glance at his intellectual evolution as mirrored in his important works.

In his early writings Nietzsche betrayed a rare mixture of artistic and scientific instincts. His treatise on "The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music," written under the influence of Schopenhauer and Wagner, shows how highly the artist was developed in him. This pamphlet he afterward rejected, though it contained much that is suggestive, and we find that in the works following upon the composition of this essay he begins to express new, and in some respects original, views. He abandons Schopenhauer and Wagner, and aims at what seems to him a correct definition of our moral code and at the establishment of new ideals which shall be "beyond good and evil." He tries to grow from an artistic into a scientific frame of mind. "Human, All-too-Human" (1878,1879), "The Wanderer and his Shadow" (1880), "Dawn" (1881), "Joyful Science" (1882), record his new convictions. Then in 1883 and 1884 appeared his most striking work, a sort of philosophical epic, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (the last part in 1892); in 1886, "Beyond Good and Evil"; a year later, "On the Genealogy of Morals"; and in 1888, "The Case of Wagner." In the latter year he also finished "The Twilight of the Idols," "The Anti-Christ," and a compilation of some of his former utterances on Wagner entitled "Nietzsche *contra* Wagner." But while these works were in the press, and while he was planning another philosophical work of which the "Anti-Christ" is the first part, he succumbed to a nervous trouble under which his mind still remains clouded.

In some of the works of Nietzsche's last stage, as in "Zarathustra" and his essays on Wagner, the irrepressible artistic instincts which so largely determine his individuality come to the front; in all of them the views and convictions he had formulated in previous years find expression so bold, often so felicitous, always so striking and so original, and his new thoughts are so extreme, that these works may be said to have started a sort of prairie-fire in the domain of thought, setting heaven and earth aflame and dazzling especially the immature. He tries to prove, especially in "Beyond Good and Evil" and in "Genealogy of Morals," that

*The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche. Edited by Alexander Tille. Volume VIII., Thus Spake Zarathustra, a Book for All and None. Translated by Alexander Tille. Volume IX., The Case of Wagner; Nietzsche *contra* Wagner; The Twilight of the Idols; The Anti-Christ. Translated by Thomas Common. New York: The Macmillan Co.

our ideas of good and evil were formulated by the weak, the suppressed, the "slaves." "Good," in other words, is tantamount to harmless, "bad" to strong, powerful. The views of the conquerors, the strong, the admirable, the "glorious blonde beasts" who would call every exhibition of strength and of power "good," have been superseded by the views of those whom thousands of years ago the strong overcame,— *i. e.*, of the weak who call "good" the traits characteristic of themselves, such as meekness, forgiveness, pity, etc. These revolutionary views Nietzsche does not base on a careful comparative study of morality, but on the etymology of a few words. The subject of morality, certainly very complex, this extraordinary man tries to settle by a few dazzling intuitions. The rest of his "system" follows as a corollary. The contemptible morbidity, weakness, and lameness of modern society can be changed only by a return to the original view of things, to the belief that strength, power, health are good, even when destructive,— a peculiar return to nature.

Everything in the history of politics, of morals, and of art, which is the expression of power or which fosters power, Nietzsche admires; everything which tames, he attacks with intense fierceness. Hence his profound hatred of Christianity. It came into being when the world was in a condition of decadence, and mirrors the views and longings, not of the strong, but of those craving pity; it nurses the instincts, not of the strong and exuberantly healthy, but of the "slaves," the inferior, those possessing meekness, humility, patience, etc. It has systematically corrupted mankind. "Un-Christian," consistently powerful personalities and governments, powerful to brutality, call out his admiration. Cæsar, Borgia, Napoleon, the Roman and the Russian governments, are his delight. In "Beyond Good and Evil," §201, he goes so far as to say: "The history of Napoleon's effect is nearly equivalent to the history of the nobler form of happiness [*des höheren Glücks*] of which this whole century has been capable in its most valuable men and moments." In "Genealogy of Morals," §10, we read: "Not to be able to take seriously for more than a short time one's enemies, one's disasters, even one's crimes is a sign of strong, exuberant [*voller*] individualities. Napoleon certainly belongs to that category. Hence his foible for criminals, as being untamed persons, and therefore generally superior to their judges. He says in the "Twilight of the Idols" (page 128 of the translation before us): "Anti-natural morality . . . (*i. e.*, almost every morality which has hitherto been taught, reverenced, and preached) directs itself straight *against* the instincts of life,—it condemns those instincts, sometimes secretly, sometimes loudly and insolently." His ideas of æsthetics are closely connected with those of morality. In "Joyful Science" he distinguishes between two kinds of art, one the expression of exuberance of health, the utterance of people suffering from an overplus of vitality, the other the exponent of stinted health and strength, the utterance of people suffering from lack of vitality. The latter yearn for self-oblivion through art, for peace and "a calm sea," or they wish to be intoxicated. We must be grateful to Nietzsche for this suggestive distinction. The true nature of that melodious wail in art which went up from all parts of Europe during the supremacy of Romantic ideals is better understood when viewed from that standpoint. Yet we must not forget that the disease may be exquisitely artistic — as, for example, with Lenau, the most poetical exponent of hopeless morbidity in Europe.

A man so fond of exceptional individualities, so fond of born rulers, — one who defines a truly noble *(vornehm)* person as "selfish, *i. e.*, sure that others must be his subjects,"— could not help being fiercely hostile to democratic institutions. Hence Dr. Brandes has cleverly called Nietzsche's system "aristocratic radicalism," and Nietzsche himself regarded that view as excellent. In all his works he preaches theories directly opposed to the spread of democracy. The whole idea running through his great and unique epic "Zarathustra" (namely, the breeding of "Beyond-Man") is anti-democratic. Mankind in its present condition seems so unsatisfactory to him that he longs for beings as much above man as man is above the ape. This "Beyond-Man" (in German *Uebermensch*, the term is taken from Goethe and is found in "Faust" and elsewhere) is to be bred as horses are, or as Frederick William I. of Prussia is said to have planned breeding large soldiers. The whole plan shows the deep influence of Darwinism.* Nietzsche utters some of

* Mr. Tille, in the introduction to his translation, mentions several works in German literature in which similar principles prevail. The list is not complete. In 1810 Achim von Arnim introduced a character in his novel, "Die Gräfin Dolores" (Vol. I., pp. 173–4) who selects superior men for fathers of her children. Her principle is "Nicht dass sich das Gleiche vom Gleichen entwickele, das wäre unseres Lebens unwürdig, aber das Höhere soll erreicht werden." (This in 1810!)

his profoundest and happiest thoughts in connection with this breeding-plan, and at every turn makes evident his deep contempt for the masses and his admiration for the superior few. Woman, for whom Nietzsche has inherited a puerile antipathy from his teacher, Schopenhauer, plays a very inferior part in his scheme. She is merely to be a breeder of heroes. In different places Nietzsche attacks modern marriage as tending to cause the race to degenerate. It irritates him to see excellent men wasting themselves on inferior women. In one of his fits of fury he goes the length of saying, "Even concubinage has been ruined — by marriage"! If he means to insist on every person's making of himself or herself, by self-training and selection, the substratum of a superior generation, he would have formulated a most valuable principle; but as it now appears, his scheme is a dream, though a most interesting one. It is as much a proof of a pessimistic frame of mind as any of Rousseau's or Schopenhauer's ideas which he so violently attacks. As for his anti-democratic principles, they are simply a proof of his lack of historical sense. For ever since the Renaissance individuality has been developing, and with it democratic institutions; and they will so continue.

What Nietzsche totally lacks is balance and a sense of completeness. The very form in which he moulds most of his thoughts—namely, the aphorism — is apt to lead to one-sidedness and exaggeration for the sake of effect. An aphorism is supposed to be the succinct formulation of a law, of a truth. As a matter of fact, like a proverb, it rarely tells more than a part of the truth. People with *esprit* are apt at coining them, and people with *esprit* are bound to enjoy them. Yet they cannot satisfy us. What does our whole careful modern scientific work imply but a desire for completeness of knowledge, and how can anybody now hope to make a lasting impression whose thoughts do not bear the imprint of maturity and completeness? Wherever we turn in Nietzsche's work, we find brilliant half-truths. His whole "system" is one-sided. Many of his most brilliant sayings look for all the world like improvised convictions. He is a journalist among philosophers, and, like many journalists, he prefers his glittering utterances to the truth. Some of his sayings are like flashes that pain the retina. We cannot help being stimulated by a man who insists on strength and health as elements of supreme importance; by one who loves life and hates pessimism, who admires not Renés, Werthers, and Manfreds, but "laughing lions"; but we must reject a thinker who so frightfully exaggerates his best thoughts. His admiration for health and strength is not the expression of a healthy mind (he himself confesses to being a "decadent," and every page of his works proves the correctness of that confession); they are probably a form of secret longing, like a hunchback's admiration for physical beauty. He was perhaps incapable of coping with the brutality of the world. It is certainly true that he was delicate and sensitive. Hence his whole system may be designated as pathological longing for health and hysterical yearning for serenity. We must regard it as sadly characteristic of our age that so powerful a plea for health should come from a diseased man.

With all his admiration for brutal strength, Nietzsche is artist enough to appreciate refinement as few have ever done. He painfully feels the lack of exquisiteness in modern German life; he genuinely admires French delicacy. What is more, few contemporaries, with the exception of men from certain circles in England, are capable of such profound veneration for the healthy refinement of Greek life and art as he exhibited in a series of lectures, delivered in Basel in 1872, on German higher institutions of learning. Here, as elsewhere, he lacks precisely that balance which more than anything else characterized his beloved Greeks; but to few modern writers, especially in Germany, have the Greeks been a stronger active force in the direction of refinement than to the author of those lectures. Let anyone doubting that German prose can be a lucid and artistic medium of expression read and re-read them. Nietzsche had a sense of language denied most moderns. Some of his most stimulating apothegms deal with language; and excepting Mr. Walter Pater's essay on style, I know of nothing so delightful as Nietzsche's views on that subject expressed in the lectures mentioned above. Unfortunately, in his later works his prose, at one time compact, lucid, calm, and refined, grew rhetorical, bombastic, tortured. The disciple of the Greeks became capable of astonishing aberrations. In his "Genealogy of Morals," for example, he once calls certain modern historians "coquettish bed-bugs" *(Kokette Wanzen)!* I should like to see *Kokette Wanzen*, merely from biological curiosity.

Nietzsche's keen sense of refinement clashes with his love for brute strength, and makes him guilty of a great piece of inconsistency.

For is refinement possible where people are not made "weak," or "meek" to a certain extent? What is a refined civilization but the happy blending of exuberance and control?

Whatever we may urge against Nietzsche, we must admit that he has the gift of stimulating beyond most other authors. We may be offended by his opinions, but we cannot help remembering them. He lacks the historical sense altogether, and many of his views on eminent characters of the past (notably his hatred of Luther) are determined by this lack. Yet who would not be pleased with an author who so felicitously attacks the hysterically historical tendencies in modern intellectual life? His style, we saw, became disagreeable in the course of time, but he never lost his power of fascinating. In all stages of his development he was capable of utterances so happy that one experiences almost physical pain at the thought that health and maturity were denied so rich a mind. What could more perfectly characterize the Greeks than his saying that "they were superficial from depth" — *i. e.*, that they neglected the unimportant from an unfailing sense of tact? What could be more suggestive than his remark, "*Il faut méditerraniser la musique*," in other words, infuse into it more of the gayety and sunshine of the South? (I should like to extend the idea contained in those words and say, "*Il faut méditerraniser la vie*," especially in America.) Nietzsche's culture is phenomenal. When talented Germans aim at humanism (it is a rare occurrence) they do it with marked success. I may remind my readers of Herder, Goethe, and in these latter days of Victor Helm. Like many people with an exceptional intellectual range, Nietzsche arrogates to himself opinions on subjects of which he is incompetent to judge. But his side-knowledge gives him an insight into recondite, though important, laws of which others know naught. He is bound to continue appealing to a generation which suffers largely from lack of vitality, and hence wishes, to use his own words, to be intoxicated. Coming generations will see in him only the brilliant exponent of a tortured age. When shall we get again a great writer who, like Goethe or like Wordsworth, knows how to cull from life what is great and healthy in it, and be satisfied? We may apply to Nietzsche these words from "Faust":

> "O Hoheit, Hoheit, wirst du nie
> Vernünftig wie allmächtig wirken?"

Mr. Alexander Tille deserves our gratitude for introducing so important a phenomenon in modern literature to the English-speaking world. His translation of "Zarathustra" is very satisfactory on the whole. It was no small matter to render into telling English Nietzsche's extraordinary language. Unfortunately, we cannot praise Mr. Common's translation of "The Case of Wagner," etc. It is bad throughout, and in parts ignominious. On page 9 we read, "In his art there *is* mixed . . . the things at present most necessary for everybody." On page 43, "The Germans, however, have had enough of reason in their instincts to *prohibit themselves* every 'if' and 'for' in this matter." On page 55 we find "the *romances* of Dostoiewsky," meaning, of course, the novels. On page 236, "I know not out or in" (the original is *Ich weiss nicht wo aus noch ein*, *i. e.*, I am perplexed in the extreme), etc. Such things ought never to be printed.

CAMILLO VON KLENZE.

A HISTORY OF ANCIENT CULTURE.*

In this age of specialism it is interesting to meet with an author who gives himself the widest range in the treatment of a very large and intricate subject. It is no easy task to discuss the intellectual and religious history of the separate peoples of antiquity, and to estimate the position and contribution of each to the great whole. Such an undertaking has been assumed by Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor in two recent volumes entitled "Ancient Ideals." Everything has been done on the part of the publisher to make the discussion intelligible and attractive. The paper is clear, the type large, side-heads in black type analyze the contents of the chapters, a table of contents at the beginning summarizes each chapter, and an index at the end is sufficiently full to facilitate reference to special topics.

After an Introductory chapter the following is the order of treatment: Egypt, Chaldæa, China, India, Iran, Greece, Rome, Israel, Christianity. A summary of the whole forms a concluding chapter. The fulness of treatment may be seen by enumerating the topics in the discussion of Greek ideals. The author begins with the earliest Greek civilization and follows with chapters on Homer, Greek principles of life, Greek art and poetry, Greek

* ANCIENT IDEALS. A Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth from Early Times to the Establishment of Christianity. By Henry Osborn Taylor. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

philosophy, and later Hellenism — over 350 pages in all,— in which there are many special studies of historical, religious, poetical, and philosophical questions. It is notable that a book dealing with ancient things, even the highest elements of the life of antiquity, at so great length, and with so evident enthusiasm, should be written and published in America, and by one who apparently holds no academic position. The culture of the republic is distinctly enriched. One is encouraged to believe that the spirit of democracy is not entirely materialistic.

The book illustrates also the courageous optimism of the writer. Few men would dare attempt so comprehensive a work, requiring special knowledge at so many points, demanding the highest kind of attainment, as well as original genius, for its successful accomplishment. The author has used admirable discrimination in his choice of authorities for guidance in fields where he is not altogether at home. The translations employed are in most cases the most trustworthy, the views advanced upon general as well as upon special questions are for the most part those held by the best scholars. The amount of sound information and admirable discussion contained in these pages is worthy of particular mention.

The author's standards are judicious and appreciative. He insists upon the recognition of human freedom. The movement of progress he regards as from society to the individual, and finally to a merging of both into the social-individual life. He recognizes at the same time the influence of environment, but insists that humanity brings something of itself into the environment, and is not altogether moulded thereby. Some things are by the author interpreted by philosophical generalization which could be much more simply explained historically. Too much emphasis is laid upon that very indefinite and unsatisfactory category, "race character." This is especially to be guarded against in the ancient world, where the mixture of races was so great and so continuous. Space can hardly be taken for presenting the conclusions of the book. It may be enough to say that the writer finds in Christianity the culmination of all ancient thinking; it comprises all positive and valid elements of previous life and thought, and offers a synthesis of all ideals. It is absolute and universal.

Having said all this, one is bound also to add that the book is not attractive or interesting. It is hard reading. The cause of this dryness does not lie in the subject, which is one of the most fascinating conceivable, and lends an interest from itself to the most prosaic interpretation, though its immense sweep involves difficulties of arrangement and presentation. The author's failure to produce a really great book is due primarily to his literary style, which is diffuse, obscure, choppy, often unintelligibly ornate, careless in construction of sentences, tempted to the use of archaic and strange words, like the verbs "fare" (for "go") and "greaten" (the latter a favorite word). A second defect lies in the failure to make any great central principles stand out and impress themselves. The author has been overborne by his materials. He has elaborated details to the obscuring of the main currents of thought. We are led on and on, from one topic to another, until we have lost the thread, and the impression left is a vague and unsatisfactory one. Perhaps the real difficulty is that the author has no definite philosophical system in harmony with which he orders his whole presentation.

GEORGE S. GOODSPEED.

DEAN CHURCH'S OCCASIONAL PAPERS.*

The attention of the literary world cannot fail to be attracted by the publication, in a handy form, of the "occasional papers" of so noted a man as the author of "The Oxford Movement" and "The Beginnings of the Middle Ages"— a man who refused the primacy of the Church of England and, earlier, the arch-deaconry of Wells, and only reluctantly accepted the appointment of dean of St. Paul's, half inclining to continue his work as parson of the little village of Whatley in Somersetshire.

Of the fifty-four essays contained in these two volumes, all but one — "A Fragment on Elizabeth," the opening chapter of an intended life of Queen Elizabeth for the "English Statesmen" series — appeared originally in either "The Guardian," "The Saturday Review," or "The Times." Forty-one of them are book reviews and criticisms, and most of the remainder obituary notices. Well versed in theology, philosophy, and history, both ecclesiastical and secular, the author combined the power of looking at large questions largely with the critic's nice sense of detail. That he writes,

*OCCASIONAL PAPERS, selected from "The Guardian," "The Times," and "The Saturday Review," 1846–1890. By the late R. W. Church, M. A., D. C. L., sometime Rector of Whatley, Dean of St. Paul's. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

however, from the orthodox and high-church standpoint is always apparent; and this could hardly be otherwise, for the greater number of the essays were contributed to "The Guardian," a professedly high-church journal. Such being his point of view, anything like entirely unprejudiced criticism, in most of the subjects treated by him, is out of the question; nor are we surprised by the writer's occasional slight tendency to digress along certain familiar or favorite lines of thought and study. With these few words on the essays as a whole, we will pass to a very brief consideration of some of the more important ones.

The first is an extended review of Carlyle's "Cromwell," written on the occasion of the publication of the book. That it is decidedly adverse in its tone is no more than the reader expects; but it is not harshly or dogmatically so. The characterization of Carlyle's style as an "interweaving of school-boy jargon and conversational familiarities with high-pitched declamation of an antique cast," is not altogether unjust. He points out the mistake which the book makes in "forcing home-bred English Puritans into full-blown divine heroes," and he contends that the writer's mind, as shown in all his works, "is not one of the deepest class. Breadth of painting not analysis, phenomena not their meaning, are his aim."

In his review of Colonel Higginson's translation of Epictetus, Dean Church, after passing some strictures on the translator's too wide departure from a literal and accurate rendering, undertakes to gauge the writings of the pagan philosopher by a comparison with the New Testament — hardly a fair method of estimating their value. An unusually appreciative and scholarly review of Guicciardini's works forms one of the longer papers. The Dean's early life in Italy, where his first thirteen years were passed, partly accounts for that familiarity with Italian literature which he shows here as well as in his book on Dante. A review of Lecky's "European Morals" follows the above, and shows considerable critical and philosophical insight.

The chapter on "Ecce Homo!" is somewhat of a surprise, or was, we imagine, when it first appeared thirty-one years ago. This book has met with more censure, as well as commendation, from all sects and parties, in the church and out of it, than any other work of its kind. That "The Quarterly Review," with its orthodox and conservative predilections, should criticise the book in the harshest terms as unscholarly and irreligious, was to be expected, and that "The North American Review," in its thorough-going zeal for a liberal and enlightened Christianity, should "damn it with faint praise," was equally natural; but here was "The Guardian," of well-known high-church prejudices, commending the book in no half-way terms and pronouncing it "a protest against the stiffness of all cast-iron systems, and a warning against trusting in what is worn out." With these words the reviewer summarizes his opinion — one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, published — of the work which afterward drew forth an extended and commendatory review from Mr. Gladstone and notices innumerable from other writers.

The chapters on Cardinal Newman are well worth reading, as being from the pen of one who formed a life-long intimacy with him during student days at Oxford and was his ardent admirer and follower up to his conversion to the Romish Church. Essays on Robertson, Maurice, Renan's writings, Lamennais, Fénelon, and Bossuet can be no more than mentioned here, while many other chapter headings which would still further whet the appetite, must be omitted altogether. An obituary notice on the author's uncle, Sir Richard Church, a general in the Greek army during the war for independence, will be read with interest at this time.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A valuable new work on the Constitution.

Mr. Sidney George Fisher's "The Evolution of the Constitution of the United States" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is devoted to maintaining the thesis that our Constitution is "a development of progressive history, and not an isolated document struck off at a given time, or an imitation of English or Dutch forms of government." More definitely, holding that the Constitution "is neither an invention nor an imitation, but almost exclusively a native product of slow and gradual growth," Mr. Fisher has "undertaken to trace back through previous American documents to Colonial times every material clause of it." These documents he finds to be twenty-nine Colonial Charters and Constitutions, seventeen Revolutionary Constitutions, and twenty-three plans of Union, "in all sixty-nine different forms of government, which were either in actual or in attempted operation in America during the period of about two hundred years, from 1584–1787." These documents "constituted the school of thought, the experiments, and the training which in the end produced the National government under which we now live." Without attempt-

ing to certify to all the writer's conclusions, we have no hesitancy in certifying to his method, and to the general character of his results. There is a general resemblance between certain features of the government of the United States and the governments of other countries, particularly that of England; but, so far as the peculiar features of our government are concerned, the sixty-nine documents studied by Mr. Fisher account for them, as he says, "in a more clear, complete, and satisfactory manner than any of the theories of sudden inspiration or imitation of England or Holland that have been broached." In our view, there is no theory that is now more seriously overworked by historians and legal and social philosophers than the resemblance or similarity theory. A writer notices a similarity between two institutions found in different countries, and, it may be, in different times, and leaps to the conclusion that there is some special causal connection between the two; whereas the truth may be, and no doubt often is, that they are simply products of the human mind working under similar conditions. The nature of our Constitution has excited much study and some controversy since Mr. Gladstone said it was struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. The lamented Alexander Johnston led the way into the field where the truth is to be found in his celebrated article published in "The New Princeton Review," "A Century of the Constitution." The present volume is a valuable contribution to the discussion — sound in general method and rich in matter. All persons who have been led astray by the brilliant pages of Mr. Douglass Campbell's well-known work on the Puritan should read Mr. Fisher's last chapter, "Dutch Sources," which is a vigorous criticism of that writer's very taking but very unsubstantial theories.

Two Victorian books.

On the 20th of June Queen Victoria will complete the sixtieth year of her reign, and she has already exceeded by several months the longest previous rule of any British sovereign. The year has seen the publication of several books in commemoration of this fact. Sir Edwin Arnold's "Victoria, Queen and Empress," which originally appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" of Sept. 23, 1896, has been reprinted by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. in a handy little book. It is professedly a panegyric, and is almost fulsome in its praises of the monarch for whose reign "History herself must find her tablets too narrow for any complete chronicle." Yet the writer records in a convenient and acceptable form many statistics illustrating the progress, since 1837, of the empire which now covers ten million square miles and claims the allegiance of three hundred and twenty million subjects. In recording the discovery of anæsthetics, the writer seems to divide the honor between Sir Joseph Simpson, of Edinburgh, and Doctors Morton and Wells, of our own country, while, as a matter of fact, Simpson's first use of anæsthetics in obstetric practice was in 1847, Morton's application of the principle to dental surgery being made in the preceding year. — Another Victorian book is Mrs. Sarah C. Tooley's "Personal Life of Queen Victoria," a not uninteresting compilation from various sources, published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Unlike the book just mentioned, it is gossipy and anecdotal to an extreme, besides being even more unreservedly eulogistic of her whom the writer does not hesitate to call "our greatest monarch." But the account possesses a simple human interest which makes it worth reading. One little story, out of many, is too good not to give as illustrating the style of the book. The Queen was as strict in requiring from her children respectful conduct toward their elders as is any mother of humbler degree. Accordingly when Dr. Brown, of Windsor, entered Prince Albert's service, and the little princesses, hearing their father address him as "Brown," used the same mode of address, their mother corrected them and told them to say "Dr. Brown." All obeyed except little "Vicky," the princess royal, who was told that she would be sent to bed upon a repetition of the offence. But on the following morning, when Dr. Brown presented himself to the royal family, the little lady saluted him with, "Good morning, Brown," and then meeting her mother's eyes fixed upon her, she rose and with a courtesy continued, "and good night, Brown, for I am going to bed." With this she walked resolutely away to her punishment. The book is profuse in illustrations, good, bad, and indifferent, authentic and imaginative, all in half-tone.

Robert the Bruce.

If some of the military details and some of the weighing of authorities had been omitted in favor of more background, a fuller picture of the general life of the time, Sir Herbert Maxwell's account of Robert Bruce, the Scotch national hero (Putnams) would have been instructive enough and more entertaining. For in spite of the careful arraying and examining of the sources in the Introduction, in itself a very valuable chapter, the fact remains that a good part of the history is based on tradition. The chief element that a comparison of diplomatic records has added to the character of Bruce is that of an unscrupulous perjurer. Yet as a criticism of the man this loses most of its weight in view of the further revelation that in this respect he was neither worse nor better than his contemporaries. The author well remarks: "Nothing is more remarkable in the political history of this period than the freedom with which great men perjured themselves, except, indeed, the value which men continued to attach to the security of an oath." If the book had been intended chiefly for Scots, the details of family pedigrees and of the descendants of Bruce, natural and otherwise, would have been more appropriate; but to the general reader, or even to the Gael who has lost all track of his clan, there is rather too much of this "boast of heraldry." Or, at least, we would have been satisfied with the interesting series of

shields which constitute the head-pieces to the chapters. The volume partly supplies the lack of background in the text by twenty excellent half-tones from photographs of the scenes of the hero's native land. What we hunger for constantly in reading such a biography as this is to realize what the life of the country was at the time, what filled the hearts and minds of the people, how they passed their days, and how this great leader influenced them and was influenced by them. Only with this knowledge can we really understand the hero himself. Yet it does not require a whole additional volume to supply this. A few such gleams as Froissart gives in his seventeenth chapter, of the commissary methods of the Scotch soldiers, illuminate the whole matter.

Lectures on French literature.

The "Lectures on French Literature" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), by Irma Dreyfus, were originally delivered in French at Melbourne, Australia, where, as the author informs us in an introductory note, they "succeeded in popularizing French literature." We hardly think it likely that the same success will attend this translation, as the author hopes, "in all English-speaking countries." But the modesty of her pretensions disarms severe criticism. As we are warned at the outset not to expect "pedantic and wearisome dissertations," nor even instruction, and as the lectures profess to be only a "conscientious compilation," we cannot complain that they are superficial and unscientific, or that they make no contribution to our knowledge of the subject. They fulfil fairly their avowed aim of treating in a "light and familiar spirit" the principal epochs of French literature to the time of Molière. They draw upon a considerable fund of literary anecdote, and quote at length from the works discussed and from historical and critical authorities; wherein lies whatever value they possess. But we suspect the critical competence of the author when she cites with equal respect and confidence Villemain, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Hallam, Besant, and Buckle. We feel that we have a right to demand, even of books that aim only to popularize, clearness, accuracy, and reliability; and in these matters the lectures leave much to be desired.

Faith and Social Service.

Eight excellent lectures, delivered by Dr. George Hodges before the Lowell Institute, discussing the social movements which are springing out of the new conscience of the church, appear in book form with the appropriate title "Faith and Social Service" (Whittaker). Indifference, doubt, poverty, labor, moral reforms, the city, the divided church, these are the interesting themes. There is a good stock of epigrams in the book, and not a dull page. The author's task is declared to be homilitical rather than academic. The lectures are meant to be interpretations of the thoughts of wise men out of the language of the schools into simpler speech; of the researches of historians and of the arguments of philosophers into the practical precepts of common life. Within the limits thus set, the book is fairly successful. Two criticisms occur to one in following the argument. It is hardly accurate to say that creed-making and church-making occupied a dominant place in the early church. Ratzinger's account of the philanthropies of the early and mediæval church should correct such extreme views. The charity of this century flows from an unbroken stream. There is the repetition of a current error on page 185: "It is reported by statisticians that during the past forty years crime has increased five times as much as population." Will anyone show a state or a settled country where this is true? The suggestion rests on a misinterpretation of the census. A Chicagoan can forgive the hint (page 234) that Chicago would never be taken, like Jerusalem, for a symbol of heaven, after reading the delightful praise of the White City in an earlier page. It is more than hinted that if we made up our minds to it we might have a White City here all the time. The urgent plea for a sensible and practicable plan of church coöperation deserves attention. Dean Hodges speaks quite as much from direct experience in work for wage-earners and the destitute as from books, and a sense of reality appears in every chapter.

The Lion of the Covenant.

The century between 1650 and 1750, roughly speaking, is the Romantic Age of Scottish history. The life of that time has two strong elements, passionate faith and passionate loyalty; the former is typefied in the Covenanter, the latter in the Jacobite. There are other romantic periods in the history of Scotland, — indeed, that history is rarely without romance, — but none that has inspired so much as this one. "Old Mortality" and "Waverley," "The Men of the Mosshags" and "Kidnapped," to mention but a few out of many, these four alone cannot be equalled by any four historical novels of other periods of Scottish history from the days of Bruce to our own. Of the two currents of life, the religious and the political, we are probably more familiar with the latter. In Mr. John Herkless' life of Richard Cameron ("Famous Scots Series," imported by Scribner), we may gather something of the man who, better than any other, sums up the former. The Cameronian was the extremist for the law of God, the forlorn hope for conscience, the martyr who nourished the seed of the Church. Of Richard Cameron's life, little is known; he really began to live only after his death. His influence, and the wider influence of those who took his name, are matters which must be accounted for; and yet the story of his life is hardly important. It is not until the Sanquhar Declaration that he becomes a great figure, — and that but a month before the day of his death. Doubtless if biographic material were more plentiful we should see the heroic mind throughout; but the lack of material is here an indication of lack of public impression. Mr. Herkless, though he could

not give us a portrait, has so far rent the shadows — to use his own language — as to leave the recognizable figure of a man. His book will be eagerly read by those interested in the time; it gives a good view of the Presbyterian rebellion, and as much as could be gained of "The Lion of the Covenant."

Places and people in Rome.

Mr. Laurence Hutton does himself an injustice when he gives the impression that his "Literary Landmarks of Rome" (Harpers) is written to give traditional sightseers "some idea of what the men who made Rome did in Rome." Mr. Hutton does not really care about the traditional sightseers; he has a genial contempt for them. The people he writes of did not make Rome; in fact, taking a batch as they come, Luther, Montaigne, Tasso, Galileo, Milton, they did rather more to unmake Rome. Nor does Mr. Hutton give much of an idea of what these men did in Rome; he notes places where they stayed, lodging-houses or graves. His book may be of use to the traditional sightseer, although its chronological arrangement does not seem a help toward economy of time. But its real title to notice is not as a good or a bad guide-book: it is that it is amusingly written, a little vulgar in places, it is true, but on the whole in a tone that is light, graceful, and genial; the material is handled with that easy skill for which Mr. Hutton is well-known. The mysterious contemporary of Balbus, Calpurnia regretting the opportunity denied to her, the poet Pliny, the crowd on the Piazza di Spagna, the Pope's Guards like "the Jack of Clubs in an Ulster," these modest figures linger in the memory and enliven the facts concerning literary people who lived in Rome. The illustrations by Mr. Du Mond are unequal, but the best have a good deal of charm.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Of the new volume (the third) of Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," just sent out by the subscription department of the Century Co., there is little to be said beyond repeating our previous comments upon the elaborate and sumptuous manner in which this work is offered to the public. Meissonier's "Friedland" forms the frontispiece, and is but one of a number of superb colored plates included within the volume. Other illustrations, in monotint or black and white, are scattered profusely through the pages, and admirably set off the dignified typography of the work. Messrs. McDonnell Brothers are the Chicago agents for this publication.

Mr. Grant Richards, a new English publisher, has issued the first volume of a new year-book of politics. The title is "Politics in 1896," and the editor is Mr. Frederick Whelen. The contents include reviews of the English political year from the conservative, liberal, and socialist standpoints, written, respectively, by Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. H. W. Massingham, and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. Other sections are devoted to "Foreign Affairs," "The Services," "The United States" (by Mr. Albert Shaw), and "London." The book is both valuable for reference and interesting for reading, and may be obtained from the New York office of "The Review of Reviews."

"The Vines of Northeastern America" (Putnam), by Mr. Charles S. Newhall, is a companion volume to the "Trees" and "Shrubs" of the same author. Nearly a hundred species are figured and described, many of them, however, being vines only in a very liberal sense of that term. We do not commonly think of *Lycopodium clavatum* or *Galium aparine*, for example, as vines. But the author was bent upon making a sizable book, and could not be exacting in his requirements. The outline illustrations are not wholly satisfactory, but will doubtless serve well enough for identification.

The two stout volumes of Professor Lester F. Ward's "Dynamic Sociology" (Appleton) appear in a new edition with an interesting preface. We learn from this preface that a Russian translation of the work had the signal distinction of being burned by the Council of Ministers at the instance of the Censor. Mr. Ward has tried to find out just why it gave offence to the authorities, but the reports are contradictory. The text of the first edition (published in 1883) remains substantially unchanged in the present issue.

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Giddings's "Principles of Sociology" has been translated into German, French, and Spanish.

Mr. Richard Mansfield's first book, "Blown Away," will be published by Messrs. L. G. Page & Co., of Boston.

The Caxton Club of Chicago will soon produce an edition of Derby's "Phœnixiana," edited by Mr. John Vance Cheney.

Mrs. Coventry Patmore is now preparing a memoir of her late husband, with the assistance of Mr. Basil Champneys and Mr. Frederick Greenwood.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has been commissioned to expand the notes left for Stevenson's "St. Ives" into the half-dozen chapters needed to complete the story.

The *deuxième année* of M. E. Aubert's "Littérature Française," containing selections from writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

The Macmillan Co. send us Part I. of "Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome," by H. M. and M. A. R. T. This section of the work is devoted to the Christian monuments, and is sparingly illustrated.

The "Proceedings of the First Convention of the National Council of Jewish Women" are now issued in a volume by the Jewish Publication Society of America. The convention took place in New York last November.

"Mountain Climbing" and "Athletic Sports" are two volumes of "The Out-of-Door Library," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Each volume consists of a group of papers originally published in "Scribner's Magazine."

Mr. W. A. Shaw's "The History of Currency," the third edition of which was recently published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, has been translated into French by M. Raffalovich, and is to be issued in Paris by Guillauman. The work has also been translated into Japanese by

Prof. J. Shinobu, Principal of the Kurume Commercial College in Fuknoka-Ken (Kiu-Shiu).

An exhaustive life of Wagner, by Mr. Houston Stuart Chamberlain, is announced by the J. B. Lippincott Co. The same firm will also issue a work on "Picturesque Burma, Past and Present." Both of these books will be beautifully illustrated in photogravure.

"Equality," Mr. Edward Bellamy's new romance of the future, will be published at once by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Publication will be simultaneous in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and other countries.

A new weekly musical journal entitled "The Musician" has just made its appearance in London. The first issue, dated May 12, contains articles by Philipp Spitta and George Moore, and among those who have promised to contribute to future numbers are MM. Bruneau, Camille Bellaigue, Hugues Imbert, and Lady Randolph Churchill.

"The Private Life of the Queen" is the title of a new book by a member of the royal household, which will be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The same house will issue shortly "Peter the Great," a new work by K. Waliszewski, author of the remarkably successful "Romance of an Empress, Catharine II. of Russia."

"Idle Hours in a Library," a volume of essays by Prof. W. H. Hudson of Stanford University, will be published shortly by Mr. William Doxey of San Francisco. Mr. Doxey has also in press a "Guide to San Francisco and the Health and Pleasure Resorts of California," and a work on "The Missions of California," by Miss Laura Bride Powers.

The Public Libraries Division of the University of the State of New York has recently published a very interesting list entitled "The Best 50 Books of 1896." It is not given as the opinion of any one man, but a list of nearly 500 of the leading books of 1896 was recently submitted to the "librarians of the State and others to obtain an expression of opinion respecting the best 50 books of 1896 to be added to a village library." From the 200 lists a final choice is indicated. The book which received next to the highest number of votes is Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady."

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 61 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Romance of Lady Isabel Burton. The Story of her Life, told in part by Herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. In 2 vols., with portraits and illustrations, 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.

Cyprian: His Life, his Times, his Work. By Edward White Benson, D.D.; with Introduction by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 636. D. Appleton & Co. $7.

The Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By Sarah A. Tooley, author of "Lives Great and Simple." Illus., large 8vo, pp. 276. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

An Epistle to Posterity: Being Rambling Recollections of Many Years of My Life. By M. E. W. Sherwood (Mrs. John Sherwood). With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 380. Harper & Bros. $2.50.

The House of Cromwell: A Genealogical History of the Family and Descendants of the Protector. By James Waylen. New edition, revised by John Gabriel Cromwell, M.A. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 286. London: Elliot Stock.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Literary Movement in France during the Nineteenth Century. By Georges Pellissier; authorized English version by Anne Garrison Brinton, with general Introduction. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 504. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

A Handbook of English Literature. Originally compiled by Austin Dobson; new edition, with new chapters, and extended to the present time by W. Hall Griffin, B.A. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 384. Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.50.

Patrins. By Louise Imogen Guiney. 12mo, uncut, pp. 334. Copeland & Day. $1.25.

The Treatment of Nature in Dante's "Divina Commedia." By L. Oscar Kuhns. 12mo, uncut, pp. 208. Edward Arnold. $1.50.

Autobiography of a Pocket-Handkerchief. By James Fenimore Cooper; edited by Walter Lee Brown. 8vo, uncut, pp. 257. Evanston, Ill.: Golden-Booke Press. $1.75.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The French Revolution. By Thomas Carlyle. In 3 vols.; Vols. I. and II. Each with portrait, 18mo, gilt top, uncut. "Temple Classics." Macmillan Co. Per vol., 50 cts.

Marlowe's Doctor Faustus. Edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. With portrait, 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 112. "Temple Dramatists." Macmillan Co. 45 cts.

POETRY.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson. 12mo, uncut, pp. 139. Copeland & Day. $1.50.

In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. 16mo, uncut, pp. 108. Copeland & Day. $1.25.

FICTION.

Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. Illus., 12mo, pp. 364. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illus., 12mo, pp. 337. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

Symphonies. By George Egerton. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 256. John Lane. $1.25.

Derelicts. By William J. Locke. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 414. John Lane. $1.50.

My Lord Duke. By E. W. Hornung. 12mo, pp. 299. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illus., 16mo, pp. 204. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The Beautiful Miss Brooke. By "Z. Z." 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 153. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

The Romance of a Jesuit Mission: A Historical Novel. By M. Bourchier Sanford. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 292. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Globe Library. The Earl's Atonement. By Bertha M. Clay. 12mo, pp. 384.—Which Loved Him Best? By Bertha M. Clay. 12mo, pp. 342. Rand, McNally & Co. Per vol., 25c.

Oriental Library. Storm Signals. By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo, pp. 401.—For Life and Love. By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo, pp. 448. Rand, McNally & Co. Per vol., 25 cts.

Eagle Library. The Gypsy's Daughter. By Bertha M. Clay. 12mo, pp. 229. Street & Smith. 10 cts.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Ancient Hebrew Tradition as Illustrated by the Monuments: A Protest against the Modern School of Old Testament Criticism. By Dr. Fritz Hommel; trans. from the German by Edmund McClure, M. A., and Leonard Crosslé. With map, 12mo, pp. 350. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $1.75.

The Myths of Israel: The Ancient Book of Genesis, with Analysis and Explanation of its Composition. By Amos Kidder Fiske. 12mo, uncut, pp. 355. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Two Lectures on Theism. By Andrew Seth, M. A. 12mo, pp. 64. "Princeton Sesquicentennial Lectures." Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 *net*.

The Claims of the Old Testament. By Stanley Leathes, D.D. 12mo, pp. 73. "Princeton Sesquicentennial Lectures." Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 *net*.

Sex Worship: An Exposition of the Phallic Origin of Religion. By Clifford Howard. 12mo, pp. 166. Washington: The Author. $1.25 *net*.

SOCIOLOGY—FINANCE—POLITICS.

Dynamic Sociology, or Applied Social Science: As Based upon Statical Sociology and the Less Complex Sciences. By Lester F. Ward. Second edition; in 2 vols., 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. $4.

Genesis of the Social Conscience. The Relation between the Establishment of Christianity in Europe and the Social Question. By H. S. Nash. 12mo, pp. 309. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Corporation Finance. By Thomas L. Greene. 12mo, pp. 181. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Politics in 1896: An Annual. Edited by Frederick Whelen. 16mo, pp. 255. New York: Review of Reviews Office. $1.

SCIENCE.

The Vines of Northeastern America. By Charles S. Newhall. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 207. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The Descent of the Primates. By A. A. W. Hubrecht. Illus., 12mo, pp. 41. "Princeton Sesquicentennial Lectures." Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 *net*.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy of Knowledge: An Inquiry into the Nature, Limits, and Validity of Human Cognitive Faculty. By George Trumbull Ladd. Large 8vo, pp. 609. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

Theory of Thought and Knowledge. By Borden P. Bowne. 8vo, pp. 389. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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Alexander Pope. By Samuel Johnson; edited by Kate Stephens. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 197. Harper & Bros. 60c.

Cicero's Cato Maior de Senectute. With Notes by Charles E. Bennett. 12mo, pp. 129. "Students' Series of Latin Classics." Leach, Shewell, & Sanborn. 60 cts.

Selections from Pierre Loti. Edited by A. Guyot Cameron, Ph.D. Authorized edition; with portrait, 16mo, pp. 185. Henry Holt & Co.

Modern Language Series. New vols.: Baumbach's Die Nonna. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 97. 30 cts.—Materials for German Composition. By James Taft Hatfield. 12mo, pp. 27. 12 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.

Die Journalisten. Von Gustav Freytag; edited by J. Norton Johnson, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 171. American Book Co. 35 cts.

The Finch Primer. By Adelaide V. Finch. Illus. in colors, etc., 12mo, pp. 90. Ginn & Co. 35 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. By H. M. and M. A. R. T. Part I., The Christian Monuments of Rome. 12mo, pp. 547. Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Proceedings of the First Convention of the National Council of Jewish Women, New York, November, 1896. Large 8vo, pp. 426. Jewish Pub'n Society of America.

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